

the doubt in your brain, or the pain in your stomach by reallylikeseggos

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Summary:

It'd been a year – a full year since he'd lost her. And no matter how hard he tried, he could never escape the empty promises he would never be able to keep.

the doubt in your brain, or the pain in your stomach

Author's Note:

Sydney asked for angst, here it is.
You're welcome.

Fall, 1984

3:26 a.m.

The wind howled outside of the moonlit window pane, the muffled patter of rain masking any silence (or peace) Mike had attempted to feel.

He sighed, the lightning flashing outside as he sat up in bed.

Thunder boomed, clouding his brain from any coherent line of thought, much less sleep.

Boom.

His heavy lids closed reluctantly as he sunk back onto his pillows, swallowing the lump that he'd grown used to feeling in his throat.

It'd been a year – a full year since he'd lost her.

And no matter how hard he tried, he could never escape the empty promises he would never be able to keep.

Just hold on a little longer, okay?

Boom.

He's gone, the bad man's gone. We'll be home soon.

Boom.

And my mom, she'll get you your own bed.

You can eat as many eggos as you want.

And.. we can go to the snow ball.

Boom.

Promise.

Boom.

He squeezed his eyes shut, tighter. He covered his ears – trying something, anything he could to block out the sound of thunder and of her rare laughter, of the pouring rain and of her brown eyes, of the roaring wind and of her cold hands –

Boom.

The skin of his cheeks were already raw, already flushed, as they always were before he cried.

He'd grown used to hiding it from the others – they'd moved on. And it was better for them to think that he had, too. There were even times that he thought to himself that he would be okay, he'd learn to be without her.

Yet, he still avoids questions about what happened to his white converse, and he can still barely choke down a toaster waffle, and his heart sinks to his stomach every time he sees a girl in a pink dress.

Boom.

The familiar tracks that silent tears left on his skin reappeared once again – he drew in a shaky breath.

She was everywhere and nowhere; she never left his mind, but the pain of her absence was even stronger.

Boom.

Promise?

Promise.

Boom.

His mind screamed where his voice failed – he wanted so badly to call out to her, to go searching for her into the break of day as he had done so many times before – yet he lay mute, every nerve in his body aching.

El, where are you?

Boom.

Please, El, just come back.

Boom.

Why did you have to leave?

You didn't have to go, we could have figured something out... We could have stopped it.

Boom.

We could have gone to the Snow Ball.

Boom.

I don't know how to deal with this anymore.

Boom.

I'm so sorry.

Boom.

In the morning, the rain will have slowed to a drizzle and Mike will wake up to see swollen eyelids in the bathroom mirror. He'll eat

breakfast and tell his mother that waffles just don't sound good to him today. He'll go to school and discuss his campaigns with his friends, inviting them over after school.

And when they get to the basement, he'll swallow the lump in his throat and ignore the pain in his stomach as he sits down, not turning to face the untouched blanket fort at the forefront of his mind.

Promise?

Promise.

Author's Note:

wow i am actually satan